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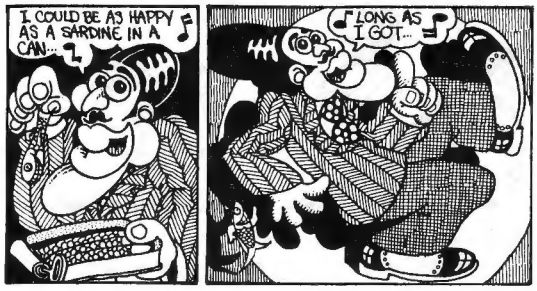
DEAR EVAN WANTED TO IMPRESS HIS FRIENDS WITH HIS DECADENCE. HE WANTED TO PLAY MAGICIAN...
DON'T...P...PLEASE DON'T...
PRAY TO THE GOD FOR STRENGTH, MRS. WINTERGREEN. I WANT YOU SANE UNTO THE LAST SCREAM... THE FINAL SHUDDER...
c Richard Larson. 1979.

There will be a new Crumb book out soon, a collection of his pages from CO-EVOLUTION QUARTERLY. He has new work in the Spring 1979 issue. In the same mag, you'll find Dan O'Neill's way of dealing with the folks at Disney who won that big lawsuit against the Air Pirates.* The collection of Skip Williamson's SNAPPY SAMMY SMOOT strips is available for a buck. Most of this work appeared in the BIJOUX back when comix were a radical outlet. Some great nostalgic Nixon-Agnew stuff. This comic should be read along with the Frank Zappa interview in the April OUI. BIZARRE SEX 7 (see preview panels at right) contains a lot of funny sex stuff beginning with a page by Trina. Steve Stiles mixes mammals, fish, humans, and androids. George Erling does a FROG JOB which is excellent. It will remind you a lot of THE YUM YUM BOOK, which may have inspired it as much as the fairy tale about the Frog Prince. George's style has matured a lot since he used to do the Clark the Collector strips for THE BUYER's GUIDE and he ought to be in the slicks. Richard Larson wrote and pencilled "Children of the Goat" and it was inked by Tim Boxell. Larson came to California for a while, but has gone back to Minnesota to live and work. Gary Whitney's "Puppy Love" will hit home for a lot of folks. It ran in RAINBOW FUNNIES some months ago. Gary has done a lot of great panels for COMIX WORLD eight-pagers like BABYFAT, FRIED BRAINS, and WEIRD RIP-OFFS. He and Jay Lynch have completed work on PHOEBE AND THE PIGEON PEOPLE. Fred Hembeck breaks into undergrounds with his page in BS7 (see below). Fred does a nice illustrated column in THE BUYER's GUIDE and a number of his strips have appeared in D-C comics.* Randall Cornish has completed a class project at U-C in San Diego. STATUS QUO COMICS. A few of these exist in xerox edition for those of you who collect. Randy isn't going to publish the comic. $1.25 from him at 4175 Jellett, No. 5, San Diego, CA 92110. * Barney Steel handles his own work these days. You can get his ARMAGEDDON IS FOREVER for $5 from him at 334 Coronado, Long Beach, CA 90814. If you want an esoteric item, get his ARMAGEDDON STATIONARY $3.95. A pro diver, he's done some great frogman illos.* DORMAN'S DOGGIE out this week at $1. Due are a second book of the work of R. Diggs, and RIP OFF COMICS AND STORIES #5.* From Recycled Reality, P. O. Box 2309, Missoula, Montana 59801, you can get MISSOULA SCANDALS. 8 1/2 x 11, color cover, nice artwork. $2.* Joel Milke has put together a little comic for the newest HOLLYWOOD FATS album. Larry Taylor is with the band & has copies for $1.75, 3253 Dos Palos Dr. Hollywood, CA 90028.*



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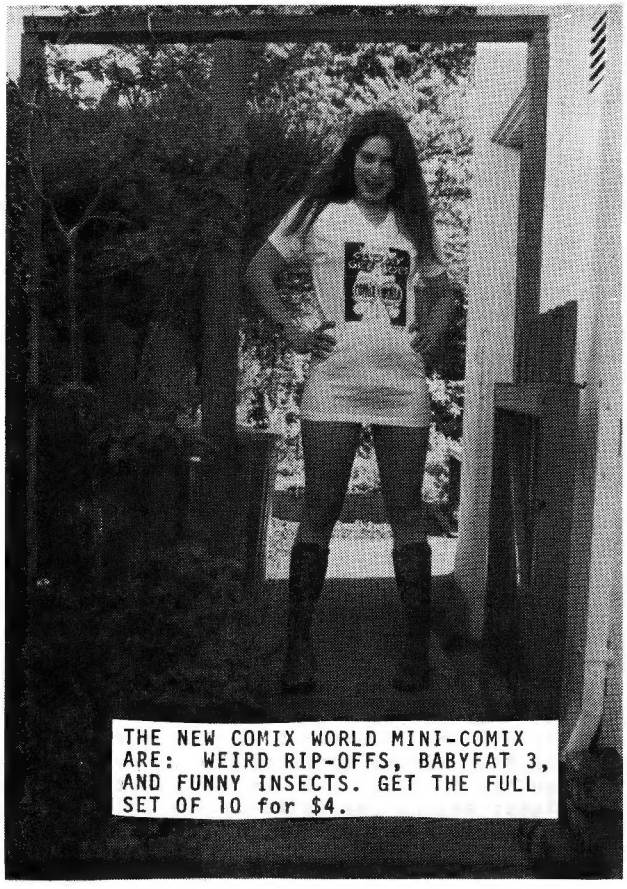

There's a woman over there getting psychophysically integrated, while her friend gets his hair analyzed for mineral content. Nearby, the Neptune Society peddles pinewood coffins. People with their faces coated with Luna Lotion stroll around eating frozen yogurt and looking bluish. Banana Republic will sell you a European Worker's Smock for only $7.99. Little kids, not yet organically hip, slide up and down the sides of a 40 foot model of General Whale. A little girl falls over the side, but comes up smiling at the three Asian girls on top, those three stuffing their cheeks with natural burritos. A boy in whiteface puts on a pair of earphones and listens to his biofeedback with a strange expression on his face. Another listens to whale sounds. They take me back to my Navy years in the South Pacific. Whales and Porpoises and dophins used to ride alongside the ship as we stood at the rail. I remember how pure the sea water was in the Phillipine Islands and the pale blue and green colors of the coral reefs along the beach of Sydney, Australia. Near me now is a life-sized stainglass model of a baby sperm whale 14' long. I'm in Brooks Hall in San Francisco at the New Earth Expo 1979, the ultimate eco-fair, a four-dollar-a-ticket orgy of middle-class death-evasion and life extension. This mad daydream is all that's left of the ecology movement. Women in the Wilderness. Justifying their lifestyle. Defense against unspoken charges. A black rabbit eats rapidly next to his white and gray brothers in a white cage. The trays below are filled with rabbit pellets. As a boy in Nebraska, I remember tracking jackrabbits through the snow and sometimes I would see one just standing there very still as though his stillness would make him invisible and invulnerable. I never killed one. My Dad did, always contemptuous of my timidity. Three rabbits in this cage beneath all those fluorescent lights eating and shitting for folks' entertainment. In a room, I see a compost toilet. No one is sitting on it, of course. This crowd would look for an outhouse in the Mohave Desert. Solar water heaters. Aquaculture. Raise fish in your backyard and save on that grocery bill. There's the Chimney Sweep Guide in his tux. Everybody's an ad. Solar Energy t-shirts. Cotton righteousness. I'm OK, you're OK. SPLIT WOOD NOT ATOMS. Hydroponic gardeners. Ion Generators. People in easy chairs hold little black boxes up to their ears, listening to their biofeedback. They take off their eighty dollar boots and fork over $2.50 to have someone massage their feet. Little kids bounce on mini-trampolines, another expensive toy. Strangers sit around a mini-hot-tub soaking their feet together, refugees from THE SERIAL (an expose of the emptiness of hip Marin County life-styles, a long exercise in the evasion of anxiety.), a generation of therapy-hoppers. The suckers get Rolfed and Reiched out of their paychecks as fast as the gas companies and the natural food hustlers get them. There's a guy photographing people's auras, another taking photos of their irises. A sign at the Iridology Institute's booth says iridodiagnosis is the diagnosis of disease by the appearance of the iris. I see the serious looks on the faces around me, the lack of humor. I watch people chain-smoking around others who are eating organic foods. Psychocalisthenics! What is this, a gathering of neologists? Back in the twenties and thirties, fads filtered into this country from India and elsewhere which were only available to the rich (see Fitzgerald's FLAPPERS AND PHILOPHERS or Allen's ONLY YESTERDAY), now the middle-class has money enough to tempt the hustlers so the gurus have come down a notch. They saw the revival of cultism in the sixties, got into the parapsych business, now they peddle yoga, TM, and other isms and ologies to the anxiety neurotics from the hills of Berkeley and Marin. Call it Psychobullshittics! Save the whales. I'm for that. Animals, too. But I think the desire for the protection and care of becomes the exploitation of via baby seal t-shirts and whale buttons. Wearing a baby seal t-shirt isn't going to save that baby from the club. Those rich people are going to get their seal coats and their minks and their ermines and whatever else they want. You know, I did a lot of writing about ecology back at the end of the sixties, but despair set in. All the writing and the information and the photos of slash-cutting in the Pacific Northwest and polluted drinking water in the National Parks and cancerous preservatives in the processed foods--none of it went anywhere. I showed some slides of industrial pollution one evening and some people came up to me and said they were beautiful! Maybe that was the straw. A writer has to write about what is. He looks around him and sees it and he says there it is. After he has said it, that's all he can do. If people want to go on smoking and eating hot dogs and shit food and the rest of it, that's up to them. I guess I believed at one time that informed people acted on that information, but I no longer do. The ecology movement has been market analyzed and sold to the people with the money to buy it. The therapy-hoppers will buy the foot-rollars and the spine-rollars and the solar heating units--all that comfort for those who do no physical labor, for the desk jockies. What's the point of longevity for someone who spends three or four hours choking on the freeway every day? Why bother to feed your child a good diet if he goes next door and eats junk food with his friends? An entire society has to be interested in the quality of life. A handful eating organic foods--ah, well perhaps that few will survive, a few healthy cells in a cancer-ridden body politic? Maybe. Meanwhile I have to get out of here, away from these programmed smiles. Got to get up to street-level where there's some grass and pigeons, even an honest wino or two who won't try to con me out of anything but a drink.

-Clay Geerdes 3-79.